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AT TWELVE O'CLOCK:

A ROMANCE OF GRANADA.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

FRANK COWAN AND ROBERT MORROW.

SECRETARIES OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALTANERO, *a poor nobleman of Granada.*

BORRACHO, *a rich nobleman of Granada, and friend to Altanero.*

RODRIGO, *son to Borracho.*

LEONARDO, *of Leon, an officer of the Spanish army, banished.*

PEDRO, *a servant to Borracho.*

BARNABAS, *a jailer.*

A JAILER, *deputy to Barnabas.*

A PRIEST.

A LIEUTENANT, *to Leonardo.*

A PIRATE.

MARIANA, *wife to Altanero.*

ISABEL, *daughter to Altanero.*

TERESA, *confidante and governess to Isabel.*

Attendants, &c.

Plot laid in Granada, Spain. Time, 18—.



AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street in a town on the southern coast of Spain. Morning. Storm threatening.*

Enter LEONARDO.

Leonardo.—The very elements, in scowling storms, do join their hands with my stern sovereign's wrath to hunt me down! For seven weary days and nights the winds and waves have battled for my life—now raised my ship to dizzy heights, then hurled it down to depths of gloom, which vomited, in turn, the wooden shell, to which we clung for life. And now, when off the treacherous sea, I find the coast deserted—bare of human life, as if a plague had stalked, hand-clasped with storms, to drive from me the people of my native land!—O Spain, dear Spain, that blind fanaticism should wrest away my sword and chain my arms from longer service in thy cause!

Enter RODRIGO.

One moment, sir. Can you direct me to the mansion of Don Altanero?

Rodrigo.—Whose?

Leonardo.—That of Altanero of Granada.

Rodrigo.—[*Turning and facing Leonardo*] What, Leonardo of Leon! Welcome, good friend!

Leonardo.—Well met, Rodrigo, ancient, worthy, philosophic friend!

Rodrigo.—What war, affair of state, or royal mission brings you to this distant coast?

Leonardo.—Alas! no royal mission honors me.

Rodrigo.—What bodes this tone of sadness? Your voice was wont to issue forth more buoyantly.

Leonardo.—You have not heard—alas, that I, when weeks have passed, should herald my disgrace! You do not know then that the zealots of the church have judged mine aged father an apostate, and sent him forth, with trembling limbs, to die in foreign lands, and banished me from court and Spain's beloved realm, when I did fondly hope my honorable service in her cause had well begun.

Rodrigo.—Exiled from Spain, O Leonardo!

Leonardo.—Yes, banished! The hour of twelve to-day defines my stay in Spain a freeman—chains and death the stern alternative, and I must see Don Altanero ere this quickly coming hour has passed.

Rodrigo.—Then come with me. Don Altanero is my father's life-long friend; they dine to-day together. Come, I am going there myself.

Leonardo.—Thanks, thanks, Rodrigo—all an exile has to give for any service done him.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Parlor in Altanero's Mansion.* ALTANERO discovered pacing to and fro.

Altanero.—This day my daughter Isabel has reached her nineteenth year. What poor and paltry decorations for her festival! Yes, poor they are, and scarce the viands and mean the scant supply of wine that furnish forth the banquet—yet I can do no more. Curses on the fate that thus compels such faint rejoicings on her natal day! Ah, well do I remember when I had reached my nineteenth year, how hundreds of servants ran to and fro, with deer and game and fowls; how cask on cask of wines and liquors rolled through the welcoming gates; how awning reached to awning o'er the wide-spread lawn, shading from noon-day sun long boards the eye grew tired to look along, and the heart leaped in the mouth lest they should break beneath the burthens of goodly provender, under which they groaned. And all the country round was there in holiday attire. How each and

every one vied with the other in contest of alternate eating and drinking in honor of the hope of our house. Shouts of laughter, strains of music, sounds of dancing feet, the hearty merriment of boisterous youths and coy coquettes,—all mingled in the air; how they made my boyish heart expand within me, ere I came among them. Then, when my father brought me out, how all was hushed, and I, blushing, broke the silence with thanks for their presence and best wishes for their enjoyment. How the welkin rang with their three times three to Altanero's heir. Little knew I, or they, what that heir would inherit: poverty—pride—debts—constant contest with scant purse to furnish out the appearance of a lord.

Enter BORRACHO followed by PEDRO.

Borracho.—Ah, ha! old comrade true! What! your face is overcast with gloom like that of Heaven! What mean these looks?

Altanero.—Welcome, good Borracho, friend! Your face would drive away the heaviest clouds and bless the house with warmth and light. Welcome.

Borracho.—Thanks, thanks!—But give a warmer welcome to your friend, who riding briskly through the gloomy hills, now feels the need of that old wine of your choice cellars.

Altanero.—Here, Pedro, bring us a measure of wine, you sober, solemn knave; and mark you, fetch Amon-tillado, and quickly, sirrah!

Pedro.—[*Aside.*] 'Tis well you name your wine. This is a horse, as a fellow wrote beneath his picture of that quadruped.

Exit.

Borracho.—Egad, friend Altanero, I have come with weighty mission hither. These young folks make us older ones their servants. Know then, Don Altanero of Granada, that my most sovereign son and master, Don Rodrigo, sends his most unworthy father and servant, Don Borracho, of the Order of the Golden Fleece, as envoy extraordinary, with full powers to treat for the hand of thy gentlest, fairest, sweetest daughter Isabel.

Altanero.—Rodrigo seeks the hand of Isabel?

Borracho.—Yes, and faith, his hot impatience tarries but little behind my slower speech. So, blurting out the truth, I have hastened with my tongue to lead his haste. But a little business mars my palate's taste. Will you consent to this marriage?

Altanero.—Make haste slowly, friend. Let me think awhile. [*Moves to front of stage*] This meets well my pride and poverty. Rodrigo—an able, learned, and already famous son of a house as old as mine—with ducal revenues and princely estate. But hold, concealed satisfaction will better secure success. [*Returns to and addresses Borracho*] You forget I hold no power from Isabel to treat with you on this important matter. Has Rodrigo assured himself of her consent?

Borracho.—He doubts it not, nor do I. What think you?

Altanero.—Together they have lived so long that love, which contiguity ever breeds, must have found its way as well to her as to Rodrigo. I will not oppose their wishes—they should move a parent's heart.

Re-enter PEDRO, with wine.

Here's Pedro with wine—let us fill the glasses and close our diplomatic parts with warmest wishes for the happiness of those whom our labors bring together. [*Fills the glasses*] A long life to them, and a pleasant one to us!

Borracho.—Thank you. I have long loved Isabel as my own child, and now she will be mine indeed. Ah, this marriage brings up the days of yore, when, with fair words with the ladies and sure swords with our rivals, we won and lost—when hearts were trumps. —Egad, but spades will soon turn up, and tell us of another trump!

Altanero.—Ha! ha! good.—I shall inform my daughter to-day, that the lovers may the sooner see their wishes fulfilled. The anniversary of her birthday, too—the very time. But, here come the ladies.

Enter LADY MARIANA, ISABEL, and TERESA, with guests, attendants, &c.

My lady, your loving lord salutes you,—and you, my daughter. How proud each year, as it comes along, makes the fond father, who, as 'twere but yesterday danced the child upon his knee, and now sees a noble woman stand before him.

Isabel.—You are, and have been, kind, dear father ; and grateful as I am for the protection shown the child, I trust the years of my maturity may serve to smoothe the path and happy make the lives of those whom I so dearly love and owe so much.

Lady Mariana.—Our Gracious Lady guide you, Isabel, and guard you from the sorrows which attend our years of high responsibility.

Borracho.—May cares ne'er come to mar your peace.

Altanero.—But what delays your son, old friend. Methinks he should be here.

Borracho.—[*Bustle without*] Aye, he is here, even as you speak.

Servant announces

Don Rodrigo and a friend,
and withdraws.

Enter RODRIGO and LEONARDO.

Rodrigo.—I beg your pardon, Altanero, and fair ladies, for my tardiness. But on my way I met, to be detained in talking of his cares, my friend, whom, (with presumption which you will excuse when you have learned his worth,) I bring with me. Don Altanero, welcome Leonardo of Leon.

Altanero.—The young yet famous soldier.

Presents him to Lady Mariana and then to Isabel, who starts with confusion which is turned by—

Leonardo.—A great resemblance to my dearest friend, and we too, must be friends, sweet lady !

Isabel slightly bows.

Borracho.—Welcome, Leonardo, welcome to Granada! Your name has been upon our lips so often, (and with praises.) that I almost look upon you as a son.

Leonardo.—I thank you, noble sir.

Altanero.—My friends and guests, we are together here, to celebrate the birth-day anniversary of our dear child, and to rejoice in plans by which her future is assured, an ancient name increased in lustre, by the happy union of two houses, [*bowing to Borracho*] not unknown or unesteemed in this proud land.

General interest and movement.

Lady Mariana.—[*To Isabel*] This news chimes well with your birth-day melodies.

Altanero.—Dear Isabel, now that age comes apace on us, your first protectors, it is our desire that Don Rodrigo should succeed us in that care, and, as your husband, soon assume still higher duties and more tender offices.

Leonardo.—[*Aside*] Isabel, bethrothed to me, now given to my bosom friend!

Teresa.—[*Aside*] The night, without one star of hope, is drawing near.

Altanero.—[*Taking Isabel's hand as if to place it in Rodrigo's*] Rodrigo, Isabel is yours for life.

Leonardo.—[*Stepping forward between the parties*] No! No! this cannot be!—for she is mine, and shall remain. Speak, Isabel! by all the bonds of sweet communion and affection—the sacred pledges by which I have lived since last we met—speak, Isabel, and tell the world that our lives, bound by holy ties, are one—speak, by the love you bear me, and by your faith in God—oh, speak, and dissipate the cloud which closes round and stifles hope!

Isabel.—Leonardo—

Rodrigo.—What demon of discord here have I introduced, where all was peace! How dare you, rash man, to assert right in this place, where by unconscious folly and my lord's too willing trust, you are by sufferance?

Leonardo.—The uniform I wear, by loyalty and bravery won, explains and justifies my presence here or elsewhere in the Spanish realm.

Rodrigo.—Dog, you lie! For treason to the State

has banished you this realm. The hour of twelve will doom you to a felon's grave.

All.—Treason !

Leonardo.—That hour suffices ! If you are, what dress, and not your record shows, a man, with right and heart to wear and wield a sword, then draw, and prove with life or brave defence thereof, your right thus to upraid me, one, by rank your equal and by prowess mayhap more.

They draw.

Isabel.—Restrain rash hands, that would, in raging rush of rivalry, break down the fair, brave citadel of life, and sorrow send to many loving hearts. Rodrigo, if you have my father's favor and dare hope for mine, return your sword into its sheath. O Leonardo, leave this hostile place, and trust that God, who gave our love, will yet fulfill its dearest hopes !

Altanero.—Begone, you treason-tainted villain, ere I anticipate the law's most righteous doom. Use well your time ! Presume to place your feet again within these walls, and, by the name I bear, your life shall not escape my wrath.

Leonardo.—At her entreaty, not at your commands and threats, I leave a place where naught but love for her can lead me to return. But, haughty man, beware how far you force that girl to bend to your imperious will. Dare cause a pang to her, and all your walls and slaves shall not retain this brightest jewel in Spain's diadem ! Dear Isabel, adieu !

Exit.

Isabel.—Farewell ! Farewell !

A C T I I .

SCENE I.—*Garden in the rear of Altanero's Mansion.
A terrace overlooking the sea. Twilight. Storm
still threatening, with occasional flashes of light-
ning and dull rumblings of thunder.*

Enter RODRIGO.

Rodrigo.—This, the reward of study—of years of labor over tomes of learning—of years of racking thought to understand this world and act thence in accordance with its laws,—this the reward, to be the fickle wind! Aye, now I blow me like the gentle breeze that even would hesitate to rob the thistle of its down, or steal the perfume of the violet; anon, I bluster like a whirling gust, that threatens to uproot an oak and raises only dust; again, I knit my brows, and with a sullen howl, hang round these ocean cliffs even like the storm to-night; again, I rage and roar, blind passion's hurricane, that would hurl down the castle of my father o'er his hoary head, and bury him—my sacred sire, and even myself beneath the ruins: uncertain, rash and ruthless wind!—Curse on the years of study that have borne, not Wisdom, fair and good, but Doubt, the monster, foul and grim! Do I love Isabel? Ten hours ago, I could have sworn I did; nine hours ago my tongue was dumb; eight hours ago, I could have thrown me at her feet in worship, and have dared a crusade for her holy shrine; an hour from then, my arm was palsied, and my sword made blunt, while my vain tongue did vaunt it like a turkey-cock!—This damning doubt in action!—The saucy upstart, traitor to his king, and traitor to his friend, to cross my pathway at the very gate of Heaven, and I stand by, with humbled head and bended knee, to let him enter!—But hark! What visitor to Altanero's garden under cover of the night!

Withdraws.

Enter LEONARDO, *springing up on the terrace, and his* LIEUTENANT, *who appears, with one-half of his person in sight, as if standing below.*

Leonardo.—Return for me, Lieutenant, in one hour. Await below my coming—then to our good ship, weigh anchor and quickly take due course for Cyprus.

Exit Lieutenant.

Yes, to Cyprus. Though exiled from Spain, I shall bear in my arms, a world!

Enter ISABEL *and* TERESA. *Leonardo and Isabel embrace.*

Teresa.—[*Aside*] Yes, yes, embrace. Doth not Dame Nature wink in twilight at true love's delight? And why should I, who oncedid feel the mystic charm and know its joy, more heed the act than she, whose plaything I have been, and all must be?

Stands apart.

Leonardo.—Dear Isabel, my life the forfeit pays, if I be found within this realm, before two years expire—so runs my monarch's stern decree. Even now my conscience warns me that for my brief foothold here, o'er ocean's storms, the price is death. But love this time has waived aside the honor which naught else could move—the bribe to hold you thus within my arms breaks down the pride which bids me hence.

Isabel.—Why risk so much, O Leonardo? The joy in being with you here, is dashed with fear lest lurking spies surprise you.

Leonardo.—I come to take you, Isabel, far hence from all this grief, from tortures of your love delayed, from suits of lovers spurned, and from their sight, and from the anger of your thwarted father.

Isabel.—But where could we escape all these, dear Leonardo?

Leonardo.—In Cyprus, where await the softest nest for fleeing birds, the gentlest winds to kiss the cheek, the rarest flowers to charm the eye and spread around o'er all their rich perfumes, the sweetest music from the warbling of the birds and sighing of the winds, and fruits and vines that proudly might have hung in

Eden's bowers,—all these await our happy bridal hour in Cyprus' isle, love-decked of old by Venus' self. There will you go with me, dear Isabel?

Isabel.—Leonardo, ask me not. My parents grow to age, and need that care which love, a daughter's love, alone bestows. Can you not turn aside the wrath of our good king, return to Spain, and win your way to father's heart, as you have done to mine?

Leonardo.—No, Isabel, there's naught but free and prompt obedience will prevail against our king's displeasure, once incurred. Were this not so, your father ne'er would hear my name, unless to launch fresh curses at my head. But, fly with me, a loving, trusting bride, and when two years have passed in joy in our bright island home, we will return to Spain with honor and with pride: the king once more will smile on Leonardo; wealth and station come again to him, and these may win him smiles where now no favor is. Dear Isabel, no hope is left to us, save that which sails my waiting ship with you, most precious freight on board. If you remain, I go, with constant sorrow and despair, most fit companions for a lonely exile, to wander, and ere long to die. Yes, death would be relief to life which held not you.

Isabel.—No more. The royal ban, which drives you hence, expels me too, for we are one. Where you are I must be. [*Calls*] Teresa! [*To Leonardo*] One moment—then—

Exeunt Isabella and Teresa.

Enter RODRIGO.

Rodrigo.—Leonardo of Leon, your sword. Your life is now your king's. Yield, sir, or perish by the avenging sword of him whose dearest plans you dare to thwart—most thankful that the baser blade of common executioner sends not your spirit to eternity!

Leonardo.—Approach me not, or by our Holy Faith this trusty sword, now gory with proud battle's honors, shall wash them all away in the black blood of a base, treacherous spy! Approach me not.

Rodrigo attacks. They fight. At a thrust of Rodrigo, Leonardo staggers back wounded and falls over the terrace into the sea, as—

Re-enter ISABEL and TERESA.

Isabel.—[*Seeing Leonardo fall*] O God! it is he!
Faints.

Exit Rodrigo rapidly. Thunder and lightning. Darkness increased.

Teresa.—Aye, it is he! Rodrigo, was it not enough to blight a loving girl's confiding heart, to separate the mother from her babe, and drive her forth into a cold, un pitying world, with naught to hide her loathsome leprosy but this poor, flimsy garment of a governess, which keen suspicion's first and faintest word would cut away; but must you burthen her still more with sight of your foul murder of a fellow man? Woe! woe! to love a base seducer! Woe! woe! to love a murderer! Woe! woe! to bear the constant, pointed pain and crushing burthen of his guilt—a loved one's guilt—and all alone!

Assists Isabel.

Isabel.—[*Recovering*] Help! help! A light!—Is this the night, Teresa? Was it the spectre of a dream? Or, did I see my Leonardo wounded, fall into the raging sea? O say Teresa, 'twas the spectre of a dream!

Teresa.—It was the spectre of the dream of life—the night which ends in death!—and more than thou are dreaming of the spectres of fell murder,—more than thou are blindly staring in this night whose morn is in the grave! Rise, Isabel, for more than thou are bending under woes, whose weight exceeds thine own. Poor child, it is the night, but thou, though staring in thy sleep, canst not perceive the gloom. Thy sad awakening is near at hand, and then—thy dream of love is o'er.

Enter ALTANERO, LADY MARIANA, BORRACHO, PEDRO, and servants bearing lights.

Altanero.—O Isabel! That you should prove ungrateful—that you should desert your aged father—disgrace and desolate the home your presence made so happy! My daughter, O my daughter, come back!—O angry sea, spare her life! O storm-king, drive her back to me—the erring girl, she knows not what she does!

Teresa.—Call not, blind father, on the sea and storm.
 Restrain your clamorous grief. Your daughter's here!
All move toward Isabel.

Lady Mariana.—My child, my child! O Heavenly
 Father, I thank Thee!

Borracho.—Our grief is turned to joy!

Altanero.—[*Raising Isabel*] You have not fled
 from me then, Isabel. O, joy to hold you in my arms
 again! Look up and speak to me, dear daughter.
Kisses her.

Isabel.—Father—[*A cry for help, as if from beneath
 the cliff, is heard, repeated faintly several times*] 'Tis
 he! 'Tis Leonardo! He cries for help! O father
 save him!

Borracho.—A rope! a rope! Quick!

Exit servant.

Isabel.—O Holy Mother, whose Son didst still the
 angry billows, and walk the humbled waves of Galilee,
 implead with Him for Leonardo's life!

Re-enter servant, with rope.

Borracho.—[*Tying rope around Pedro*] No quaking
 now! Descend and save a human life—'tis more
 than war's blood-purchased honors.

Servants lower Pedro over the cliff.

Teresa.—[*Aside*] Oh God of pity! give this brave
 man the strength to save the life of Leonardo, and
 spare Rodrigo's brow, already scorched before the
 damning brand of murder!

Pedro is drawn up with a wrecked pirate.

Borracho.—A thousand pistoles for this act!

Pirate.—My thanks, good sirs, for aid—alas!—too
 late! The pirates' hope, the dreaded "Eagle," lies
 now wrecked below, and I will not survive her death!

Teresa.—[*Aside*] It is not Leonardo! Alas! then
 he is dead! Rodrigo is a murderer!

Isabel.—Not Leonardo! Father—mother—help—
 farewell.

Falls into Lady Mariana's arms.

Pirate.—A priest!—or must a pirate die unshrived.
Dies.

A C T I I I .

SCENE 1.—*A room in Altanero's mansion. ALTANERO and BORRACHO discovered at a table, with cards, money, and wine, PEDRO standing behind. Evening.*

Altanero.—Pedro, help your master and myself to wine. Let its warm, rich life infuse itself into these well-worn frames and sluggish veins, until our boyish days come back to us—the days when we knew not the meaning of passion, of poverty and pride, when, with keen appetites, we passed from pleasure to pleasure, too careless to analyze, too busy to regret. Fill up, old comrade, ere we play again, and let us drink to the old, old days.

Borracho.—[*Intoxicated*] Yes, wine ! Give me wine, for wine loves me, and I love it ! To forget is happiness. He is a fool who would not drink, for by the cup, we become rich, well clothed, well fed, aye, kings of wealth and power unreach'd by common sovereigns. Wine, Pedro, give me wine !

Pedro.—[*Fills the glasses*] But not new wine into old bottles, else they break—their necks.

Borracho.—Yes, philosophy even from Pedro is philosophy. You are young, Pedro, and remember this, you must hold the wine—not the wine hold you. Drinking will not hurt a man ; only fools, who know not how not how to drink, suffer.

Altanero.—[*Aside*] The cursed old fool is drunk. His philosophy is a sure sign of his loss of reason. [*They drink*] Now, comrade, for the play which makes one of us the winner. There is the king of spades—— [*Borracho falls asleep*] Curse the luck ! [*Rises*] I have been losing to lead him on, and now he falls senseless, when I begin to win. The last of my high-bred horses goes to his well-filled stables to pay for this evening's entertainment. [*Turns to Pedro*] Harkee, sirrah !

you feel proud of your rich master, do you not? Yours should be a well paid service.

Pedro.—Time is money. Money is power. My time is his money. The laborer is worthy of his hire.

Altanero.—True, you knave, and I have wasted precious time both with master and with man. Remove Borracho to a chamber, that he may find in slumber a partial renewal of his powers. Out with him!

Servants enter and, with Pedro, carry out Borracho.

May he awake to forgetfulness of his winnings, small to him, but great to one so poor as I. What a maddening curse is poverty, when wedded with pride! I could retrieve my fortunes, if once this marriage of Rodrigo with my daughter could be consummated. By-the-way, this is the day, appointed by herself, after nearly two years of woman-whinings over the death of Leonardo, on which she was to give Rodrigo a final answer to his suit. I will send for her. She shall marry him. I have sworn it, by the proud name I bear, and no obstacle shall stand to break that oath. What ho! without there! [*Enter servant*] Convey to your young mistress my love and wish that she attend me here. [*Exit servant*] We shall see, now, in what mind we find the stubborn lady. Her obstinacy would make a saint forget affection!

Enter ISABEL.

Isabel.—Most loved and respected Sir, at your commands, I wait.

Altanero.—And is there no softer word in your vocabulary, my most loving and respectful daughter, that you must choose the harsh and grating word "command," in indicating your unwilling acquiescence in my humble wish to see you?

Isabel.—Dear father, sorrow and perplexity have so racked your daughter's mind as to leave her weak to choose where her foot may fall when walking, much less to mark the words which hardly flutter through her lips to the unresponsive air.

Altanero.—Come, my child, a truce alike to melancholy thoughts and to unseemly encounters upon

words, which are, at best, but poor and uncertain messengers of our thoughts. * * * * *

* * * I wished to see you, dear, this day, appointed by yourself, to learn the welcome news that Rodrigo's suit had met with your acceptance. I have told you how the revenues, by which our family once matched sovereigns in pomp and hospitality, have wasted, slowly and inevitably, under the proud and generous hands of successive generations. If Rodrigo receives your hand, we can walk again with confidence and pride these halls, whose atmosphere is laden with grand traditions of our once regal splendor: and your poor old father, the last of his race, can go to his final rest, peacefully, because your future is assured: thankfully, because Providence, in making him poor, yet gave him a daughter; proudly, because the sacred and honorable inheritance received by him may be, by him, delivered up to a worthy successor, undiminished and unstained. If you refuse his suit, my mind, long used to other thoughts, knows not how to draw that death, in hovel, poverty and wretchedness, which awaits a poor and broken-hearted husband and father, who leaves, without shelter or care, to the cold charities of an unfeeling world, the wife of his bosom and the tender child—the sole remaining fruit of a life-long love. I await confidently your reply, for you are a true daughter of the Altaneros, and desire our proud continuance.

Enter LADY MARIANA and TERESA.

Isabel.—Father, spare me now. I am not strong. I will try to do my duty.

Altanero.—I will, my daughter. You need not answer me, but, when Rodrigo comes, you must have strength enough to make us all happy.

Exit.

Lady Mariana.—My poor girl, have you, as I bade you, sought counsel and guidance of Heaven? The blessed promise, ask and it shall be given you, is not an empty one, nor does the good book mock us when it says, as thy days, so shall thy strength be.

Isabel.—Yes, mother, I have prayed—oh, how often

and earnestly!—that I might be enabled to see my duty, as pointed out by father, by you, and by our necessities: but all is still deep darkness without one ray of light.

Lady Mariana.—God thus seeks to uproot sweet yet sinful attachments which divide with him the dominion of our hearts. Isabel, I once suffered, as you now do, but, praise be to our Lady of Grace and her Blessed Son, I found at last that peace which passeth all understanding. I believe that you will find this rest, for I have prayed night after night, for your deliverance from doubt.

Isabel.—All is so dark, so dark, and, as I grope along, the outstretched hand finds no guide, the faltering feet no firm earth to stand upon. If it were not a sin, I would rather pray our Father to take back the sorrowing soul which scarcely animates my weakened body.

Lady Mariana.—Peace, child, wrong not Him, who doeth all things well. I will leave you with Teresa, whose firmer nature and more experienced mind, will strengthen you for the duty which yet remains to be done. *Exit.*

Isabel.—[*Falling on Teresa's neck*] O Teresa! O Teresa! what shall I do! My father, my mother, constrain me, their necessities are urgent, and Rodrigo, who asks my hand, and who loves me as his life, is all that a woman could wish her lover to be. Yet I feel, that, should I consent, I would wrong my own soul and the dear memory of the dead. What can I do, Teresa?

Teresa.—Rodrigo—all a woman could wish her lover to be!—Come not to me, my lady, for how can I, to whom the world's almost unknown, explain the hidden mysteries of the heart? Why one should desire, another detest; one sue for, another reject? None but God, by whom our natures are given, can solve the eternal problem of love.

Isabel.—Rodrigo will be here ere long. There is no escape for me, and yet I know not what to do.

Teresa.—This I have read, my lady, that Love will

clothe its object, without reason, with all that's worthy of itself; and that there is no greater grief than for Love to be rudely awakened from its dream with the knowledge that it has bestowed itself on one unworthy—awakened too when it has spent its wealth and power upon the stony heart of selfishness.

Enter servant who announces

Don Rodrigo

and retires.

Enter RODRIGO.

Isabel.—He is here. Heaven help me!

Rodrigo.—[*Advances and, bowing, kisses Isabel's hand*] I salute you, fair lady. By your own appointment, and spurred by continual devotion, I am here to lay again at your feet my wealth, my title, and my life, and to learn whether they are worthy of the kind regard of her, whose smile will repay me for all.

Isabel.—Teresa, leave us for awhile.

Teresa.—[*Aside, as she retires*] And leave all hope behind. What finer clay and loftier spirit unite to form the nobleman and privilege him to blast the love and life of the peasant girl, and, with imperious will, to choose his bride among the fairest and the noblest of the land?

Stands apart.

Isabel.—Rodrigo, you still press me for an answer?

Rodrigo.—Yes, Isabel, for, secluded as you have been from all society save that of older persons or menials, I can understand why, when you are asked to decide a matter, affecting your weal or woe for life, you are in doubt and hesitate to speak the final word. But think of, Isabel, the two year's torment I have suffered; think, that more than twenty times the moon has waxed and waned, and twice the earth performed its circuit round the sun, since I placed, with your father's favor, my suit before you; think, that my love has been uncomplaining: that its patience has equalled its depth; that I have not vexed you with importunate lover's arts; that I have, without murmur, waited until this day, your own choice, to hear the words which determine my future.

Isabel.—Rodrigo, I have indeed reason to thank you

for your forbearance. I always have regarded you as a friend,—one, who to me would be kind and careful beyond all around me. When we were children, we have climbed the mountains, and crossed, on uncertain stones, the brawling streams. Always you guided, supported, and protected me. Later, when in my studies, inexperience had failed to solve perplexities, I found you ever a sure resort. And now, will you bear with me, and hear a doubt which disturbs me?

Rodrigo.—If aught that my poor powers may discern, will aid you, joy and pride will accompany their exercise.

Isabel.—You know then that Leonardo had my love; that to him my first and best love clung; that at his death the pulse of affection within me ceased. Can you hope for happiness from union with the ashes of affection, with the skeleton of love? Why do you wish this wreck to be your wife?

Rodrigo.—On what has the love-laden vessel been shattered? You knew this hero for a few weeks when you were but a child, and lavished upon him the wealth of your affection. He is dead. Now you, with youth, beauty, and position would bury yourself in the grave of an unknown—aye, would drag with you your aged father and saintly mother. Isabel, let the result of my careful study of the human heart tell you that true love is begotten by long and constant intercourse, by years of intimacy, by community of tastes and studies, by mutual experience and united interests, by that charm which is the growth of the companionship of proven worth and unquestioned beauty; all these conditions have been ours and dictate our union. Further your father's comfort and your mother's happiness, both dear to you, impel you to be mine. I promise you that they shall be my constant care, when I have acquired the right to minister unto them; that they shall know no wish ungratified—no sorrow that precaution can prevent; they shall, in their old age, enjoy that peace which is the true transition from this life to eternity; and, when they see their only child loved, and earnestly cared for, by one whose wealth and power and life are all subservient to her, they will

pass away from earth with calm and sweet satisfaction. Think of all this, dear Isabel, and believe that where so many good motives direct you to one course, that course must lead to peace and happiness.

Isabel.—Leave me now, Rodrigo, and I promise you that to-morrow shall bring you my answer.

Rodrigo.—To-morrow?

Isabel.—Yes, to-morrow. My weakness must excuse me now.

Rodrigo.—To-morrow then, and bear in mind how I yearn to have the right to banish that pallor from your cheek, that weakness from your limbs, and to restore the bloom, the strength and joy which should attend your youth and beauty. Adieu!

Exit.

Isabel.—O Teresa, why should I uphold longer my weak woman's will against the manifest decrees of Heaven? Since Leonardo's death, all hope, all wish, all aim, have left this body, and why should I not give the lifeless form to any one, if, by such an act, I can purchase peace and comfort for the remaining years of my beloved parents?

Teresa.—Poor child! to mourn to one more mournful than yourself.

Isabel.—[*Sings*]

I saunter on the sandy shore,
Where the waves seem'd merry girls,
Bedecking themsel's, with sea-weed and shells,
And flowers of foam in their curls;—
Where now I see in the foam a shroud,
As if toss'd on eternity's bed,
And hear a moan from the depths unknown!—
Alas! he is dead! he is dead!

I wander through the wooded glen,
Where Nature seem'd a child,
That, round trees, play'd at catch, with the merry nut-hatch,
And in the flow'rets smil'd;—
Where now the deadly night-shade grows,
And the owl echoes, overhead,
The clods' mournful sound as they fell in the ground—
Alas! o'er the dead! o'er the dead!

Ah ! there is no beauty again to the eye
 That bedews a lover's mould,
 And no more music again to the ear
 That has heard a lover knoll'd ;
 When the heart-strings are struck by the Harper of Death,
 Forever has harmony fled:
 The lark nevermore shall with melody soar;—
 Alas ! he is dead ! he is dead !*

* The Love-lorn Lady's Lament, written by Frank Cowan, in the winter of 1866-7. It may be sung to the tune of "Pass under the Rod," slightly modified.

A C T I V .

SCENE I.—*A hall in a prison. Noon.*

Enter BARNABAS.

Barnabas.—A gallus cove, he ! A jolly pirate—he ! It is a sweet sound when gold clinks with a jailer's key.—He got it easy—a gallus pirate ! Who dare not rob a robber ?—The cove's in love, too—stares from this tower's window at old Altanero's moping girl as if his eyes would leap from their sockets !—Love's a gallus cove—he is—would sell his soul for the sight of a wench's petticoat a league off ! Love's a fool—he is—to think this key will turn, except for gold,—show him a wench's duds, except for gold,—and bear her scraps of scribbled paper, except for gold—Ha ! bear the scraps of paper to the fire and pocket the gold ! What, need a jailer-king be a foolish clown to meddle with a noble's plans—for a few pence have a broken crown—and all for a love-sick pirate in a dungeon ?

Ha ! a jailer-king, let me dance and sing !
 For the sceptre, I hold,
 Fills my coffers with gold,—
 Hurra ! for the jailer-king !

Exit.

Re-enter BARNABAS with LEONARDO, in irons and in rags.

Leonardo.—And said she nothing? And did she not give you a letter—a token—a word!

Barnabas.—She said you were a crazy pirate, and she gave me a cuff for you, which, take with interest!
Cuffs him.

Leonardo.—Wretch, you lie!—Come within the circle of these manacles, and your brains will spatter these prison walls! You gave her not my letter: she has not seen my blood-written words; she did not call me pirate; your own savage heart has conjured up this brutal message!

Barnabas.—Go on! rant! gall your limbs with your irons! hack your voice with bellowing!—then back to your cell to a dinner of straw, for naught shall you eat to-day except your filthy bed!—Call me a liar? Ha! a gallus cove, are you! She not only called you a liar, but added, tell the fool that to-night Rodrigo, the noble, rich and handsome, bears me to his home a willing, joyous bride!—Call me a liar? Heard you not the bells at break of day—heard you not their iron tongues peal out the merry wedding chimes?

Leonardo.—Mock me not. I may not be what I appear. Wounded, half drowned, and cast on shore with the wreck of the “Eagle,” the dreaded ship of the pirates, yet I may not be a pirate; carried half insensible before my judges, accused, condemned, and submitting to my sentence, as a pirate, yet I may not be a pirate; thrown into a loathsome dungeon, manacled and maltreated as a pirate, yet I may not be a pirate. Beware then how you taunt me. Now give me her message aright.

Barnabas.—Perhaps not a pirate—submitting as such—carried to this keep as such—fed on musty bred and rotten meat as such—and all this for nigh two years—and not a pirate! Then a fool—a gallus fool, which is seven times worse!—Perhaps I lie—perhaps I taunt you—perhaps I mock you? Would you like to look from yonder window, and see the flags fluttering for very joy over the houses of Altanero and Borracho? I’ll fetch the ladder.
Exit.

Leonardo.—Can this be true? No, no; her heart is knit with mine so closely and so surely that naught save death can sever us, and even his rude hand must yield ere long before our love, for were the all-constraining will of death to woo and win my Isabel, my soul, bereft of her, in seeking for the channels of its accustomed thoughts, would find them gone: and, shrinking inwardly, with saddened silence, would cease to be, until a God of Mercy sent again to earth his messenger to find the wanting part of our immortal life. And I am bold to look once more from yonder window at the walls which hold my Isabel—oh, how these wasted, shackled arms do envy them!—and she perhaps may gaze at vacant air in thoughts of me, and then, our souls in mid-space meeting, will renew the vows which make us one.—This jailer, however, may be deceiving me! Alas! if my submission to the charge of piracy, to save my life, and be in Spain near Isabel, should prove my death—aye, worse than death a thousand fold—within the sight of Isabel, almost within my call, to see her carried to the altar, and to wed my murderer, as she and all must deem him! Heard I not her voice as I fell from the cliff? Saw she not the murderer? And can she—Isabel—accept the hand, red with the blood of him, for whom she would have dared the rage of seas, the wrath of parents thwarted, and shared an exile's shame and poverty? No! no! it cannot be! This jailor does but mock me. For what cares he for aught I love? Was it not but yesterday, when my tamed spider, at my call, crept in to cheer me in my solitude, that he, the cruel jailor, trod my fellow-prisoner under foot, laughing the while like a demon—"Ha! a gal-lus bloated cove!"—Oh, that I could have brained the monster on the spot!

Re-enter BARNABAS, with ladder.

Barnabas.—Perhaps I mock you?—There take the ladder, and gaze until your eyes weep tears of blood.

Leonardo.—[*Climbs ladder to window*] It is as he has said. I see the flags, the bustle of the servants, and the carriages of the noblemen. But on the terrace, whence I fell, and where I oft have seen a female form

appear, dark-clad in robes of woe, and stand as if she gazed, with wistful looks, upon the sea that swallowed all she loved—so I fondly dreamed,—I now see naught. But hold!—is that a gleam of sunlight from the waves!—No, it is a form in robes of white!—Oh, look! she hurls herself into the sea! No! no! my brain is reeling! Help! help! [*Staggers down several rounds of the ladder, and falls on the floor, gasping for breath*] Break heart—welcome, death.

Gasps as if strangled by his collar.

Barnabas.—Ha! a gallus strangled cove!—Perhaps I lie? Perhaps I mock you?

Leonardo.—[*Gasping*] One breath of air!—then let me die in peace. Unlock this iron band!

Barnabas.—[*Unlocks the collar, and as Leonardo recovers*] Ha! a throttled cove!—Perhaps I lie?

Leonardo.—[*Suddenly springing up and clutching Barnabas by the throat, (his loosened collar, to which his wrists were bound, giving him free use of his hands,) and throwing him on the floor*] Yes, lie! and now confess, you villain! [*Choking him*] You have never carried her my letters?

Barnabas.—No!—let me go!

Leonardo.—You have never told Isabel what I bade you, and what you bargained to do?

Barnabas.—No!—help!—let me go!

Leonardo.—No, die, as you deserve to! Die! your brains dashed out with the key of my deliverance from a pirate's cell! Die! that these withered arms may clasp once more the one for whom they long have yearned! Die!

Faints and falls senseless.

Barnabas.—[*Recovering and disengaging himself from under Leonardo*] Ha! a gallus crazy cove!—with a grip like a vice!—I thought I was gone! I saw my mother in her old red gown hang over the jailer-king's coffin!—What, the cove still kicks! I'll collar him again. [*Locks the collar*] Now, back to your cell,—but, perhaps I mock you?

Leonardo.—No, you do not mock me.—Yes, take

me back to my cell, and when I die—it will not be long—write on the door—the door of my tomb,—write, LEONARDO OF LEON, for I am he !

Barnabrs.—[*Aside*] Ha ! Leonardo of Leon !—the famous soldier —the banished man!—A prize ! a prize ! His head is worth a thousand gold doubloons !—I'll to the King ! A gallus banished cove !

Leonardo.—Yes, Leonardo of Leon. Jailer, listen. Altanero's daughter, Isabel, is betrothed to me. She believes me to be dead, and is forced to marry Rodrigo. Release me, and whatever reward you can ask from my father's estate shall be yours.

Barnabus.—Ha ! a bribing cove !—Oh, no : a gallus bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Leonardo.—Here is a ring, our names inscribed therein, sewn up in these poor rags. Show it to Isabel, and say that I still live, and it is yours.

Barnabas.—A ring ? I'll go. Give it to me. [*Tears it out*] But perhaps I lie ? Perhaps I mock you ?—Ha ! back to your cell, you banished traitor ! This proof of Leonardo's presence here in Spain will lay his head upon the block, and put within this hand one thousand gold doubloons ! Ha ! a gallus ring !

Leonardo. Go, accursed villain, to the King ! Say Leonardo of Leon is in your cell. Say too, he longs for death, not by the villiany of a brutal jailer, but by the command of the King, for whom he oft has risked his life on deck and field in fierce engagement. Lead me back to my cell.

Barnabas.—Ha ! a gallus banished cove ! One thousand gold doubloons ! Come ! *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Cathedral. Space just before the altar. Afternoon.*

Enter, in front, ALTANERO, LADY MARIANA, ISABEL, BORRACHO, RODRIGO, TERESA, and others, in bridal array, while at the same time, enter from rear, boys bearing tapers, followed by the PRIEST in his vestments. Music is heard from behind the altar. The boys arrange their tapers, and the Priest stands before the altar.

The bridal party approach and arrange themselves properly to the right and left of the Priest.

Priest.—Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in sight of God and in the face of this company, to join together this Man and Woman in holy Matrimony. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, I require and charge him, as he shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed, now to speak, or else hereafter forever to hold his peace. For be well assured, that if any are joined together otherwise than as God's Word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful.

Teresa.—There is one here, most holy Man of God, whose desolated heart is written o'er and o'er with burning, damning proofs which bar the consummation of these marriage vows.

Lady Mariana.—Protect us, Gracious Lady! what can my daughter's guide and governess at this late hour object against this marriage?

Teresa.—Teresa Mauritan asserts her rights: Rodrigo is her husband in the light of truth and by the laws of Heaven; for he, a lover, came, with fair false face, and won her pure and trusting heart; and then, more harsh and cruel than the beasts of desert wilds, who milder grow when dam and suckling pass, this proud, relentless man, with sneer, and scoff, did spurn his child, did taunt, and spit upon, and cast away to shame the mother who, in secret pain, without complaint, had borne this son—the offspring of her trust and his deceit!

Rodrigo.—I pray you, Father, heed not words that rush so madly forth from one, who owns herself unfit to stand within this church,—much less to bar these sacraments. She is a Moor, also, the constant enemy of Spain's nobility, unless it bears the taint of heathen sires.

Teresa.—She scorns to mark the sneer that ill becomes a man. There are black taints of blood, which do not come from our descent; for see that hand, extended there in solemn form with pledge and emblem of eternal love,—'tis foul with human blood;

that hand, just joined in soft caress with purity, did take the life of man—the life of Leonardo of Leon!

Isabel.—Rodrigo murder Leonardo!

Teresa.—Aye, he did murder him! I now see him, with red and reeking sword yet drawn, as he, by conscience driven, fled the sight of man. I see now Leonardo, as he, wounded, fell into the sea, while thunders rolled and angry, lashing waves did reach their arms to lightning-riven clouds!

Altanero.—Such was the night of that dark day, on which their swords were drawn for Isabel! Revenge and jealousy the motives?

Borracho.—Oh, that our ancient family's lustre should end in the darkness of a murderer's grave!

Rodrigo.—Believe her not! She raves! Insanity's distinctness bears the semblance of remembered truth! She raves!

Teresa.—Base man, dare you, within the house of God, before his consecrated priest, with vows still fresh upon your lips, to imitate the bold, unblushing guilt of Cain, and make reply unto your Maker? Hear you not the mighty waters' moan proclaim your guilt, as murdered Abel's blood did cry to God from outraged earth? And hear you not poor Isabel's wild shriek, which pierced the vault of Heaven, and there recorded her great grief and your black crime? And you to wed the one, whose love and life you crushed forever then? Just God!

Isabel.—Oh, has a loathsome stream of crime been flowing underneath this sheen of icy crystals which so dazzled all!

Rodrigo.—This is too much! Her words burn through my soul! [*His head falls on his breast. All shrink away from him. Turns to Teresa*] Pale phantom of a dead and expiated past, why rise again to turn my hopes into statues of stone? Why come from buried years to rake the ashes of long burnt-out joys for living coals? Oh, will you never rest? Then let the shroud, the coffin, and the heavy clod forever hold you down!

Attempts to stab her.

Borracho.—[*Restraining him*] Hold ! hold, my son !

Teresa.—Aye, stab me now with steel, and end this life already stabbed so oft by you with shame and woe !

Priest.—My children, peace ! [*To Rodrigo*] My son, this charge is grave ; and this no place nor time to weigh it. Accuser and accused should meet elsewhere for judgment. Until then, your sword, Rodrigo. The laws of man and God alike call you now to account.

Takes his sword.

A C T V .

SCENE 1.—*A prison hall. RODRIGO and the PRIEST discovered. Forenoon.*

Rodrigo.—That I am the betrayer of Teresa and the murderer of Leonardo, I have confessed before my judges and before you—the penalty awarded to my crimes is justly death, and I accept it. Father, I thank you for the absolution of our holy church, if the thanks of a wretch, guilty of the most heinous crimes, can be received by one so holy as yourself.

Priest.—My son, your penitence and faith deserve this absolution, and will, I trust, obtain you peace in a better world.

Rodrigo.—Now, usher in my father and such friends as wish to bid farewell to one, who aimed to honor them, and win their love, but who dishonored them, and earned reproach—[*Exit Priest*]*—*and who deserves to die!—to die? Aye, to die.—What myriads of thoughts converge to that brief phrase—to die!—What hells of woe, and heavens of bliss, await a man—when he has ceased to be ! What stabs, and burns, and racks, and peace, and joy, and love, greet him—when he has crumbled back to earth ! Great world of the Unknown, Eternity, what varied homes thou givest to him—when he needs them not ! Vain speculations of far-

seeing idiots!—All hail, Philosophy, that counts a being from its birth to death, and while it hears, and sees, and feels, gives it this earth of pain and pleasure, here to torture or delight it! Why don a shroud to enter Heaven? Why leap the grave to enter Hell? Here is the Paradise for him that doeth well! Here is the yawning gulf for him that doeth ill!

Re-enter PRIEST, *with* BORRACHO, ALTANERO, MARIANA, ISABEL, TERESA, *and attendants.*

Teresa.—[*Approaching Rodrigo from behind as he is lost in his philosophy*] Rodrigo—

Rodrigo.—Avening Fury scourge—aye, scourge me to the grave!

Teresa.—Your wife—the mother of your child—who wept with secret joy, when first you stood within her cottage door, enclosed in that rude frame the bright fulfillment of her girlish heart's ideal; who, walking, arm in arm with you, through leafy groves, did drink with eager ears your sweet discourse on Nature's forms of beauty, and, wondering, ask herself, why she should thus be blest above her sex; whose heart hung trembling like the aspen leaf o'er head, that day, when first you took her by the hand; whose being, blushing, felt itself transfused to yours, when first you spoke the welcome words of love, and sealed them with a kiss; who, when a mother's hopes first faintly dawned upon her life, thought shame too poor a price for joy like that, to bear the child of him she worshipped as divine; who, when you coldly threw away the love so gladly given, still followed you with deeper, more unselfish love; who gave to stranger hands a mother's proudest charge, in order to obtain a hiding-place, wherefrom to gaze on him she had so loved and lost; who, when the hour had come to make you husband to another, wildly uttered words, the rack could not have wrung from her, had not her reason fled, expelled by overwhelming grief; who would now gladly die for you, if that could purchase life for him she ever loved and cherished through her shame, disgrace and endless woe.

Rodrigo.—Teresa, Teresa, forgive me!—That I

should be so blind! To stare at stars at night, and see not in bright day a sphere of love, revolving in my path, worth more than worlds of empty, senseless matter!—[*To the Priest*] Most holy father, pronounce us man and wife.

Priest.—I pronounce you man and wife according to the rites of our most Holy Church. My blessing be with you.

Rodrigo.—[*To Borracho*] Father, receive this lady as my wife—the mother of the heir to all your wealth and titles. [*Kisses her*] Farewell.

Borracho.—My daughter, come to me. My son, this act redeems you. Now meet your death, as well becomes Rodrigo, on the heels of a good deed, and I will mourn a son—a noble son.

Isabel.—[*To Rodrigo*] The most unhappy one, for whom two lives, so dear to all, are given, forgives and asks forgiveness.

Rodrigo.—My lady, Isabel, forget the proud, imperious man of later years, and when the grave encloses him, recall him, as your gentlest friend of childhood—and the sad, repentant husband of Teresa. I thank you for your kind forgiveness. Farewell.

Lady Mariana.—May the Christian's faith support you in the valley and shadow of death, Rodrigo, is my earnest prayer.

All.—Amen!

Bell taps. Emotion of all increased.

Priest.—The time has come when you must part forever. Your last farewell is spoken.

Rodrigo, after embracing Teresa and Borracho, turns with Priest in one direction, while exeunt in another direction, Borracho and Isabel supporting Teresa, Altanero, Lady Mariana, and attendants.

Rodrigo.—This act of justice to Teresa draws the tearing teeth of fierce Remorse.—O true, exalted one, how sweet were life to be again with you!—But, death's poverty reveals the wealth of life.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Another room of prison, fitted for an execution, with sword, block, &c.*

Enter a jailer, with LEONARDO, masked as an executioner.

Jailer.—Here is the block—can you not see it?—Mark you, if you fail, your head shall dance with his upon this floor! Up, cringing knave! Stand here! Strike sure at the first tap of the bell for twelve o'clock! Mark, no trembling—no words! Here, take the sword—no hacking, or sawing or mangling—at one stroke, at the first tap of the bell—fail, the rack, and death by starvation are yours. [*Aside*] This killing suits me not. Would to God that Barnabas were here—he'd cut a neck, and kick a falling head, and call it gallus work. His deputy has not learned to like his trade so well.

Enter RODRIGO and PRIEST.

Rodrigo.—[*Kneeling, with head bowed over the block*] Executioner, make sure your blow—the guilt of your victim is your warrant. At the first tap of the bell, strike—for there are ages crowding into seconds now! I forgive you your act, your duty. [*To Priest*] Father, your blessing—farewell.

Priest.—The Peace of God be with you.

Jailer.—Ready! [*Bell taps*] Strike!

As Leonardo stands with uplifted sword, at the first tap of the bell, Teresa rushes frantically in—though restrained by Borracho, who, however, when he sees the sword over his son's neck, lets go his hold of her, and hides his face in his hands in agony—and throws herself between Leonardo and Rodrigo.

Teresa.—[*To Leonardo*] Spare, oh spare, my husband! or let my head with his lie pillowed on the block in death's long sleep!

Leonardo.—[*With uplifted sword, unheeding Teresa's appeal, like a statue stands, till the twelfth tap of the bell has sounded, when he throws the sword on the floor*] The hour of twelve has passed, and Leonardo of Leon is free!

Teresa.—Leonardo of Leon! Can it be he? [*Tears off Leonardo's mask*] It is—it is—oh joyful sight!

Borracho.—Leonardo lives—my son is saved—our house is free from stain!

Jailer.—What, villain! Defeat the court's decree? Defy my strict command? Die, treacherous villian.

All seek to interpose themselves between jailer and Leonardo.

Enter BARNABAS, from behind.

Barnabas.—[*Holding the jailer's hand*] Ha! a gallus cove! to kill my prize! A thousand gold doubloons—that's what his head is worth—ha! a gallus head! I have been to the King—here's his letter to Don Rodrigo. Ha! a gallus letter!

Exit Priest.

Rodrigo.—What, to me? Let me have it?

Receives and reads the letter to himself.

Leonardo.—Was it Rodrigo's neck beneath my sword!—the lurking spy that would have murdered me!—the false friend that has married Isabel!

Teresa.—No, who has married me, Teresa. While Isabel's true heart still clings to Leonardo's cherished name.

Leonardo.—Oh, welcome news!—Mine ears, unused to all save grating sounds of rusty locks, now catch the music of a woman's voice and tremble at the notes which bring bright hopes of love and life to one, who long despaired of both!

Rodrigo.—[*Reading*] Leonardo of Leon—I learn from bearer—confined in dungeon—supposed to be a pirate—release him instantly—confine in the same cell the jailer, Barnabas, who deceived him. [*To jailer*] Servant of the King, you hear his majesty's command. Leonardo is released, and Barnabas condemned to fill the vacant cell. Do your duty.

Barnabas.—Ha! a gallus letter!—Ha! a gallus fool was the jailer-king to step before a real king!

Now, a jailer king, no more I'll sing,
 For the doubloons of gold
 Did make me too bold,—
 Good-bye, to the jailer king !

Jailer lays his hands on Barnabas.

Re-enter PRIEST *with* ALTANERO, LADY MARIANA, ISABEL,
and attendants.

Priest.—A miracle ! a miracle ! come ! come !

Leonardo.—[*Embracing Isabel*] O Isabel, do I once more embrace my love ! How I have longed these two dark years for this bless'd hour ! How I have sought to send you tidings of escape from death ; how I have suffered agonies of hell—at distant sight of you have strained my prison bars, till strength and reason fled ; but now, how changed !—peace and harmony at last !

Isabel.—And I, beloved one, believed you dead, and prayed that I might perish too, to be with you beyond the grave ; but here united, we will never part.—My father and my mother, greet now Leonardo, to whom your daughter's troth is plighted.

Lady Mariana.—I welcome you, my daughter's choice.

Teresa.—Dear friends, our trials teach this truth, that after night will come the day, and that of all its hours, the brightest one is TWELVE. [*To Priest*] Your blessing, father on our happiness.

Priest.—And God said, let there be light : and there was light. His grace be with you.

END OF THE DRAMA.



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